

REVUE STUDIO
UNIVERSAL CITY
CALIFORNIA

PROD. #15818
February 27, 1962
(Spec. Run)

March 5, 1962
(Brought to FULL RUN)

REV. 3/29/62 (F.R.)
REV. 4/2/62 (F.R.)
REV. 4/3/62 (F.R.)
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REV. 4/4/62 (F.R.)

ALCOA PREMIERE

"THE RULES OF THE GAME"

By

Alvin Boretz

PROPERTY OF:

AVASTA PRODUCTIONS

PLEASE RETURN

ALCOA PREMIERE
"THE RULES OF THE GAME"

PROD. #15818
Feb. 27, 1962
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CAST

FRED ASTAIRE

HOST AND NARRATOR

MILES HADLEY

JULIE

JUDGE BENTON

ALEX GRANBY

EARL BRYCE

FRED WALTON

MRS. MILLER

JOHN

SAM

BRYANT

DOCTOR

CLERK

HARLAN

CUMMINGS

FOREMAN

CHIEF RUSSELL

SETS

EXTERIORS:

STREET

HOSPITAL

COURTHOUSE

NEWSPAPER BUILDING

INTERIORS:

HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

HOSPITAL ROOM

NEWSPAPER OFFICE

MILES' OFFICE

COURTROOM

COURTROOM CORRIDOR

JUDGE'S CHAMBERS

DINER

GRANBY'S OFFICE

"THE RULES OF THE GAME"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. STREET, PARK AND COURTHOUSE - DAY 1
FRED ASTAIRE walks down street, pauses, turns to CAMERA.

ASTAIRE

This is a very nice city. Streets, houses, businesses, thousands of people. Sometimes in the rush of living the individual becomes unimportant, unless, of course, that individual happens to be you -- or unless through some strange alchemy your paths cross and the result is an emotional explosion so powerful that your life is never again the same. It does happen that way sometimes. In fact you're about to see it happen right now.

2 OMIT OMIT 2

3 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY - LONG SHOT 3
The silence hits us instantly. Down the corridor we see a NURSE at the desk...and a DOCTOR writing on a chart. Past them, we now HEAR the doors of the elevator open. MILES HADLEY emerges...glances around...sees the desk and hurries up to it. His voice barely reaches us. The reply of the doctor is also an unintelligible murmur. The Doctor points down the corridor in direction of the CAMERA and starts guiding Miles in our direction. As Miles approaches and becomes more discernible we see he is a man close to forty. That he gives an immediate impression of vigor and intelligence. The low urgent VOICES become intelligible as they approach.

MILES

You find out any more about him?

DOCTOR

Just what I told you on the phone. He was admitted yesterday. Internal hemorrhaging. His prognosis isn't good.

4 CLOSE SHOT - DOCTOR AND MILES 4
At hospital room door. Room 309.

MILES

No address? No family?

DOCTOR

He won't tell us. I wouldn't have called you, but he insisted.
(contd)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DOCTOR

(contd)

Please don't stay too long.

Doctor opens the door.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

As Miles enters. The bed is at the far end of the room...half in shadow, caused by the drawn blinds. Miles finds it at once as he glances swiftly around the room. As he approaches the bed...CAMERA MOVES with him. He reaches the bed...looks down...an intent curiosity on his face.

CLOSE SHOT - BRYANT

His head is turned to one side...his eyes closed. He has graying hair and a thin face. He is perfectly still. After a moment of looking at him...Miles now comes INTO THE SHOT as he sits on a chair next to the bed. He leans forward.

MILES

(softly)

Mr. Bryant....

No reply. Miles waits...then....

MILES (contd)

Mr. Bryant....

There is no response as BRYANT'S eyes open and he slowly turns around to find Miles. He stares at him a moment.

MILES

I'm Miles Hadley. You asked to see me.

There is the trace of a smile on Bryant's face. His voice is low and we have to listen.

BRYANT

Knew you'd come...couldn't resist
...could you?

MILES

You said it was about the Thompson girl.

BRYANT

(nods; then)

You can print...what really happened.

MILES

We know what happened. The trial was three years ago.

Bryant shakes no.

BRYANT

I read it in your paper...but it was all wrong. Owen Miller didn't kill that girl. (contd)

CONTINUED

BRYANT

(contd)
(slight beat)

I did. They executed the wrong man.

Miles reacts...stares at the man. Bryant gathers his strength.

MILES

Who's going to believe that?

It is hard for Bryant to keep talking. He reaches for Miles' arm.

BRYANT

Why should I lie? I'm dying. I
killed her. Me.

He releases Miles' arm and sinks back...exhausted from his effort. Then...a half smile appears.

BRYANT

I watched it all happen. The way
you all said it was him. And
nobody ever came near me.

MILES

The evidence was all against Miller.
How can you prove anything else?

BRYANT

Ask me questions. What kind of coat
she was wearing...the color of her hat...

MILES

Anyone could know that. It was **described in**
the stories.

BRYANT

The house where she was kept...
they never found that. There's
proof there.

Door opens and doctor enters...approaching the bed.

MILES

Where was it?

BRYANT

(struggling to tell)
The highway...there's a cutoff....He begins to struggle for breath...and the doctor steps
in.

CONTINUED

6

CONTINUED

(contd)

6

MILES

Where on the highway? What cutoff?

(to Doctor)

Please...just another second...

(to Bryant)

Bryant...where was the house?

Bryant looks at him...tries to tell, but the words don't come. He turns his head away...and the Doctor administers to him.

7

NEW ANGLE

as Miles watches the doctor. He moves a few feet from the bed. The Doctor turns to him.

7

MILES

When can I talk to him again?

DOCTOR

Not for some time. I'm sorry.

The Doctor turns back to Bryant. Miles hesitates...then turns...goes to door. He stops...looks back at the bed...the import of what has happened very much apparent in his worry. He exits. CAMERA HOLDS THEN....

FADE OUT

(COMMERCIAL)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

8

INT. OFFICES OF THE HERALD - NIGHT (EARLY EVENING)

8

We are in the city room and it is filled with people getting out the edition for the morning. The population of the city is a hundred thousand and since the Herald is the sole paper in town...the size of its staff can be judged accordingly. As always...the phones are getting a workout. A coffee cart is working its way down the aisle and it too is proving popular. One of the reporters in f.g. is FRED WALTON, in his early thirties. He is fast losing his hair, likes sport jackets and usually has a cigar in his mouth. He seldom removes it...even when talking on the phone, as he is now. The Herald takes up all three floors of a building on the city's main square. As the action begins...an old white-haired man emerges from a file room...carrying some bound copies of back issues. This is JOHN...who has been around for more years than anyone can remember. CAMERA MOVES with him as he makes his way through the room towards Miles' office. The dust on the bound copies is bothering him. As he reaches Miles' door we can read his name on the door ...MR. HADLEY., MANAGING EDITOR. John opens the door... enters.

9

INT. MILES' OFFICE - NIGHT (EARLY EVENING)

9

as John enters. The room is old and comfortable. A worn leather couch in front of the window that looks out on the square. There are many books...newspapers and magazines from all over the world. Photos on the wall...many of well-known political figures and celebrities from the sport and theatre worlds. It is the office of a hard working, literate man. Miles is in shirt sleeves...and is talking on the phone.

MILES

(impatient but trying
to be polite)

I'll have to be in New York for
the U.N. dinner...when?...

He leafs thru his calendar.

MILES (contd)

I think so...what do I talk
about...

(agreeing)

...that's vague enough...all right...
fifteen hundred teachers...it's an
audience I can't resist....

He becomes more impatient as he sees John putting the
bound copies on a table.

CONTINUED

9

CONTINUED

(contd)

9

MILES (contd)

Roy, I'm jammed up right now.
Let me call you tomorrow...right,
thanks...goodbye.

Miles puts his hand quickly down on the cradle to disconnect.

MILES (contd)

(to John)

Bring them over here, John.

Unperturbed, John keeps placing them on the table.

MILES (contd)

(into phone)

Hold my calls, please.

He quickly hangs up and starts over to the papers.

MILES (contd)

What took so long?

JOHN

I just don't like back issues.
They're not newspapers anymore.
Besides, it's dusty downstairs.

As Miles lifts up the cover and starts to leaf quickly
thru the papers.

JOHN (contd)

Want something to eat?

MILES

No, thanks.

SAM, a reporter, appears in the doorway...some flimsies
in hand.

SAM

Wiley just phoned down on the
turnpike investigation. It
looks like some of the engineers
were on the pad. How do you want
to handle it, Miles?

MILES

(irritably)

Just that way...but don't mention
names. Not yet.

(looks up)

You're out of journalism school
now. Don't bring me apples.

CONTINUED

9

CONTINUED

(contd)

9

Miles goes back to his bound copies. A surprised Sam is going to reply but John's wave advises him to leave. He does.

JOHN

What's bothering you in those?
Somebody going to sue?

Miles doesn't reply. John picks up Miles' jacket which is on a chair...hangs it up on a clothes tree and exits. Miles is lost in the papers...as CAMERA MOVES IN on him. Miles turns a page.

MILES

It's not possible.

10

INSERTS

A four column head at top of left front page:

10

THOMPSON GIRL STILL
MISSING

Miles' hand reveals the next paper. A full page banner head.

MILES' VOICE (echoing)

It's not possible. It's not
possible.

THOMPSON GIRL FOUND SLAIN

His hand uncovers the next paper. A double banner head.

POLICE HUNT VAMPIRE
KILLER IN BRUTAL MURDER

CAMERA PANS DOWN to show "reconstructed" sketch of a vicious, animal looking man. Gaunt eyes, bony cheeks... near fang-like teeth. Still another paper is now turned to. Its headline:

D.A. NAMES SUSPECT
IN VAMPIRE KILLING

DISSOLVE

11 }
thru }
13 }

OMIT

OMIT

{ 11
thru
{ 13

14

INSERT

Headline on the paper is the same, but the newspaper itself is fresh, new.

14

CONTINUED

14

CONTINUED

(contd)

14

D.A. NAMES SUSPECT
IN VAMPIRE KILLING

CAMERA PULLS BACK. Miles is checking some flimsies.
A newspaper is on the desk. CAMERA PANS DOWN to it with
below.

MILES

Okay...it'll do. But tomorrow
get more of the defense lawyer. It's
his first murder trial...how does
he feel...the story of one man
against public opinion. How does
he expect to win...you know the
angle...get some quotes in....

15

MED. SHOT

15

MILES

I want some art work for Sunday.
You set it up with Mac.

The door suddenly opens and MRS. MILLER appears in the
doorway. She is in her late thirties..plainly but neatly
dressed. Despite the haggard, worried lines on her face...
one can see the attractiveness that was there in happier
times. John appears right behind her. He too...wears
different clothes for his flashback. A cardigan sweater.

JOHN

I'm sorry, M'am. Mr. Hadley's busy.

MRS. MILLER

I won't take long. I have to
see him. Please.

She moves into the office. She looks at Fred and Miles...
wondering which is the man she wants.

MILES

It's all right, John. I'm Mr.
Hadley. Can I help you?

16

NEW ANGLE

She comes up to him. She is apologetic in manner...not wanting to bother this man but at the same time...anxious to get her story across.

16

MRS. MILLER

I'm Mrs. Miller...I won't take up much of your time. Mr. Hadley... my husband is innocent.

MILES

Mrs. Miller...I....

MRS. MILLER

(struggling with her emotions)

But he is. Please...I know how it sounds. Everyone must say that to you. But it's just that you don't have all the facts.

MILES

I understand how you feel but I'm not the one to see. Your husband's lawyer....

MRS. MILLER

My husband will have a trial, yes. But if people keep reading those things about him....

FRED

Do you want to give us a statement, Mrs. Miller?

She doesn't want to offend these powerful men.

MRS. MILLER

I just want you to understand him. He asked for a lie detector test...that's true...but your paper said it was an ex-convict's trick. All that was years ago -- a juvenile charge, don't you see. And like all those kids, he got psychiatric examinations, you know? Only now, when he's frightened and he doesn't say much...your man writes he's a psychopath.

CONTINUED

MILES

Our columnists' opinions are
their own.

MRS. MILLER

But....

MILES

Mrs. Miller, I know you husband's
going to get a proper trial.

MRS. MILLER

But the people who are going to
be on that jury read your paper.
They read about the district
attorney calling my husband, an
ex-convict and a psychopath.
Mr. Hadley, I've heard that
you're a fine man. And I knew
if I explained about him, you'd
see... You'd be fair.

MILES

He'll get honest reporting at
the trial. That I can promise
you.

She searches his face...then....

MRS. MILLER

I didn't mean to bother you.
It's just that I keep expecting
people to worry about what happens
to him...He never had much of
anything...most of the time...and
I wasn't much for him to marry...
but together...we made a life.
And with the children.

She trails off...restrains her emotion.

MRS. MILLER

Now...they're going to kill him...
and nothing's going to stop it.

MILES

He's entitled to a chance. And
everyone is going to see he gets
it.

MRS. MILLER

(slight beat)
Please?

CONTINUED

16

CONTINUED

(contd)

16

She walks the few feet to the door...looks back at him.
There is a trace of hope in her now...and gratitude.

MRS. MILLER

Thank you.

MILES

Goodbye, Mrs. Miller.

As the door closes behind him, he goes back to the desk,
picks up the paper, looks at it.

16A

INSERT - NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

16A

MILES' VOICE

(echoed)

Goodbye, Mrs. Miller.

OIL DISSOLVE

17

CLOSE SHOT - MILES

17

He is dressed as before the flashback. He comes to a decision.
He closes the blinds with a snap and turns to the phone.
He presses a button...then dials. He waits, then...

MILES

Miss Wakeman's apartment, please...
not in yet?...where?...no...no
message. Thanks.

He hangs up...turns to window...glances out at courthouse
...starts out...picking up his jacket on the way out.

DISSOLVE

18

INT. COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

18

The long marble hall is empty...silent. Now...STEPS
ECHOING along the corridor are HEARD. From around a
turn...Miles appears. CAMERA watches him approach the
double doors leading to the courtroom.